before putting them in the oven. They will bake in half

### F a fruit or meat pie is placed in a tin of boiling water when put in the oven to cook, the fruit juice or gravy will neither boil over nor soak into the crust. When baking potatoes place them in hot water for fifteen minutes





By NELL BRINKLEY

### This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the shooting of President Lincoln by J. Wilkes Booth in 1865. The famous President was attending a performance at Ford's Theatre. Washington, when the assassin shot him and, trying to escape, caught his foot in the folds of Old Glory and broke

# "The Dark Star"

the time and so effect a saving in gas.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

SYNOPSIS. Ruhannah Carew, born in Trebtzond, Saughter of an American missionary, Reverend Wilbour Carew, accompanies her parents to their old home in Gayfield, New York State, after the father had been crippled by a Mohammedan fanatic. Her favorite amusement is playing with the wonder box of the late Herr Conrad Wilner, a few pages of whose diary are always read by her of whose diary are always read by her father or mother to her as a bedtime story. The box contains treasures with which Rue plays and finds abserbing interest. She learns from the diary that Wilner saw the box being dropped from a yacht in the Bosphorus and fished it up with the body of a beautiful girl sewn in a sack.

Wilner, as an agent of the German government, makes plans for fortifying

wither, as an agent of the German government, makes plans for fortifying Gallipeli. The duplicates of these are stelen and he gets evidence that the Turks seek his life. He gives the bex to Rev. Mr. Carew for safe keep-ing, with instructions to send the plans to Berlin in case he is killed. He is stought to death, but Mr. Carew keeps the papers. the papers.
The child displays a talent for

The child displays a talent for drawing. She learns she is to get a legacy of \$6,000 upon her marriage. Rue meets Jim Neeland, a young artist, and likes him.

Riddle Brandes, gambler, and his pal Stull meet Rue and the former is smitten by her beauty. Stull fails to dismande him from falling in love.

Brandes marries Rue through fake or memory.

When Neeland returned from a visit to the purser with a pocket full of British and French gold and silver for Ruhannah, he knocked at the stateroom door of the Princess Mistchenka.

That lively personage opened it, came out into the corridor holding the door partly closed behind her. "She almost dead with fatigue and grief. I undressed her myself She's in my bed. She has been cry-

'Poor little thing," said Neeland. "Here's her money," he said, a little awkwardly. The princess opened her wrist bag and he dumped in the shining tor-

"Shall I-call good-by to her?" he "You may go in, James." They entered together; and he

was startled to see how young she seemed there on the pillows-how. pitifully immature the childish throat, the tear-flushed face lying in its mass of chestnut hair. "Good-by, Rue," he said, still

Slowly she held out one slim hand from the covers. "Good voyage, good luck," he said. "I wish you would write a line to

"I will." "Then-- He smiled; released her hand. "Thank you for-for all you have done," she said. "I shall not for-

Something choked him slightly, he forced a laugh: "Come back a famous painter, Rue. Keep your head clear and your heart full of courage. And let me know how you're getting on, won't you?"

"Yes, " " Good-by." So he went out, and at the door exchanged adieux with the smiling Brincess. "Do you-like her a little?" he

whispered. Admits She Likes Her. "I do, my friend. Also-I like.

you. I am old enough to say it safely, am I not?" "If you think so," he said, a funny little laugh in his eyes, "you are old enough to let me kiss you good-by." But she backed away-still smil-

"On the brow-the hair-yes; if you promise discretion, James." "What has tottering age like yours to do with discretion, Prin-

cess Nais?" he retorted impudent-"A kiss on the mouth must of itself be discreet when bestowed on youth by such venerable years as But the princess, the singularly provocative smile still edging her ips, merely looked at him out of

dark and slightly humorous eyes, gave him her hand, withdrew it with decision, and entered her stateroom, closing the door rather sharply behind her. When Neeland got back to the studio he took a couple of hours'

sleep, and being young, perfectly healthy, and perhaps not unaccustomed to the habits of the owl family, felt pretty well when he went out to breakfast. Over his coffee cup he propped

up his newspaper against a carafe; and the heading on one of the coiumns immediately attracted his at-ROW BETWEEN SPORTING MEN.

Eddie Brandes, Fight Promoter and Theatrical Man, Mixes It With Maxy Venem.

A WOMAN SAID TO BE THE CAUSE: AFFRAY DRAWS A BIG CROWD IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL ENICKERBOCKER. Both Men, Badly Battered, Get Away Be-

Breakfasting leisurely, he read the partly humorous, partly contemptuous account of the sordid affair. Afterward he sent for all the morning papers. But in none of them was Ruhannah Carew men tioned at all, nobody, apparently, having noticed her in the exciting affair between Venem, Brandes, the

latter's wife, and the chauffeur. Nor did the evening papers add anything material to the account. except to say that Brandes had been interviewed in his office at the Silhouette Theater and that he stated that he had not engaged in any personal encounter with anybody, had not seen Max Venem in months, had not been near the Hotel Knickerbocker, and knew nothing about the affair in question.

He also permitted a dark hint or two to escape him concerning nossible suits for defamation of char-Dabers.

The accounts in the various evening editions agreed, however, that when interviewed, Mr. Brandes was nursing a black eye and a badly swollen lip, which, according to him, he had acquired in a playful sparring encounter with his business manager, Mr. Benjamin Stull. And that was all; the big town had neither time nor inclination to Cleopatra Isn't Happy



restless ghost-that is, if she "gets" the world's daily papers! For, lo, you-in her day she was a shocking little modernist; a feminist of the bluest, purest water; a strewd, rebellious, brilliant, curious, seeking brain, in a slender, darkly soft, delicate, womanly body. She belonged here and now. And she must know it. She had the courage of ambition. She worked with her head, while she kept her woman's heart. Her cruelty-if the tales of it are true-was the brand of her day. We are all marked so-with the imprint of the age we live in-our neighbor bears it too. Few of us are aliens to our planet and our time.

They say there was a bit of boredom behind it, too, because the lady of the partridge diadem was ahead of her day, and felt a bit savage about it. Maybe she melted pearls because she couldn't be a Congresslady from Montana, or a police-woman in New York with a butter-fly tie under her chin and a dark-blue jacket with braid around it, instead of a

notice either Brandes or Venem any

further; Broadway completed the

story for its own edification, and, by

degrees, arrived at its own conclu-

sions. Only nobody could discover

who was the young girl concerned.

or where she came from or what

might be her name. And, after a

few days, Broadway, also, forgo:

the matter amid the tarnished tinsel

and raucous noises of its own mean

CHAPTER XIII.

Letters From a Little Girl.

Ruhannah Carew that autumn and

winter. The first one was written

a few weeks after her arrival in

Please forgive me for writing to

I have written every week to

mother and have made my letters

read as though I were still mar-

ried, because it would almost kill

Some day I shall have to tell her.

but not yet. Could you tell me

how you think the news ought to be

That man was not on the steamer.

was quite ill crossing the ocean.

But the last two days I went on

deck with the Princess Mistchenka

and her maid, and I enjoyed the

I should have died, I think, with-

out her, what with my seasickness

and homesickness, and brooding

over my terrible fall. I know it is

immoral to say so, but I did not

want to live any longer, truly I

didn't. I even asked to be taken.

I am sorry now that I prayed that

most awful part of my life, I think.

I feel strange and different, as

though I had been very sick, and

had died, and as though it were an-

other girl sitting here writing to

you, and not the girl who was in

some day. Now I know I shall

never have it. Girls dream many

They have such dear, silly hopes.

foolish things about the future.

that remains in life for me is to

work very hard, so that I can learn

to support myself and my parents.

should like to make a great deal

of money, so that when I die I can

leave t to charity. I desire to be

remembered for my good works.

But, of course, I shall first have to

learn how to take care of myself

and mother and father before I can

aid the poor. I often think of be-

coming a nun and going out to

nurse lepers. Only I don't know

where there are any. Do you?

TO BE CONT. TOWN

All dreams are ended for me! all

I had always expected happiness

your studio last August.

Well. I have passed through the

The princess has been so friendly.

Dear Mr. Neeland:

you, but I am homesick.

her if she knew the truth.

broken to her and father?

Neeland had several letters from

and multifarious preoccupations.

HEREVER the dark, lovely spirit of Cleopatra is it's a jealous, + collar of emeralds and green-gold snakes, and gauze embroidered with + held man, and ner head traveled along with him; so anybody can see that

Cleopatra was the exquisite thorn in the sides of her "relations," her priests, her statesmen. Because she ventured to set her little pink feet in their jeweled tatbeds over the line where an Egyptian princess was supposed to stop. She pored over rolls of learned papyrus that curled itself around her pretty fingers.

She knew many languages; her shining eyes watched the stars with more than sentiment and romance, for their names and their science were familiars in the busy head under her crisp black hair burnished red-gold by her Greek blood; she dabbled in politics more than her kingbrother liked; she walked the labyrinths of her Religion with her Priests and had the effrontery to be not always satisfied with what she found; engineering and mathematics were a delight and besetting temptation to the siren Princess with long black eyes; her times build a brasen wall about her and she was continually climbing over! She was the paradox of soft, feminine heart and curious, masculine head; her heart

NOW and in America is exactly where she belonged! For that's the super-girl we have living with us this minute.

But, she never was a Red Cross angel. She never got to wear wraparound puttees and drive an ambulance for her country. She never belonged to a "Death Battalion"; in fact, I'm 'shamed to say she ran away from her only fight! She never was a munition worker. She never was a conductorette and got to tell people to "step lively and take their time." She never, never was an elevator boy, with round buttons thick down the front. Nor a farmerette in a smock and "a ole hat," harvesting beans and wheat to feed the Allies. She never got to make dough-nuts for dough-boys, her little Salvation Army face smiling sweet under a steel helmet-under fire. So if she gets the daily papers, we betche, knowing her as we do, that Cleopatra's furious!

Poor brilliant, futile, long-dead modernist, she would not need to drink a melted pearl in baffled boredom if she lived to-day. She could help make laws for CHILDREN, and speak for the next LIBERTY LOAN! -- NELL BRINKLEY,

# Bits of Black Satin

By Rita Stuyvesant. TEVER before were bits of

black satin utilized so prettily as this season. One exclusive shop on the avenue is showing how the ingenious designer has created lovely pillows, odd Chinese scarfs that breathe of the Orient. interesting matinees and numerous other things from odds and ends of black satin and gay-colored worsted. To give that delightfully foreign touch to your living room or boudoir or perhaps to grace the fancy table at your charity bazsar, you can easily make some of these fascinating bits of finery.

A long banana-shaped table runner of black satin was one of the most interesting novelties I have discovered in a long time. Cut double, it was stitched and turned inside out and pressed. The edge of the runner was outlined with crude overcasting about a quarter of an inch apart and was worked in Chinese blue wool. A chubby tassel of the wool was suspended from either end and there were queer bulbs and lilies in jade, amber, blue and violet strewn over the surface. This runner is unusually simple to make and lends a charming note to a dull room.

Any chaise-lounge or divan would revel in a round pillow of black brightened with fanciful figures. One pillow of this kind recently displayed was of black satin with orange green and scarlet peacocks cut from cretonne and appliqued with fine buttonhole stitch. Silk was favored for the stitching. Any bits of cretonne will supply enough figures for a pillow, and various designs can be introduced to good

advantage. To place under a vase of peach blossoms there is a small melonshaped doilie of black made gay by tiny colored flowers and soft fringe. Salmon pink and French blue was the color scheme and small dalsies were the chosen flowers. The doilie was lined with self material, turned inside out and pressed. Wool fringe about an inch deep edged the doilies and was a charming addition to this simple piece.

Short mandarin coats that may be worn over milady's pajamas are also made of black satin and the odds and ends of wool from the knitting bag. Or, one might use rope silk in the pastel tints for decoration. These delightful little coats are very simple to cut with sleeves and body in one. Of course, the neck is collarless in true Chineen state and sematimes the em-

riot of coloring that is both bizarre and artistic. Brilliant red poppies and nasturtiums are interesting and one chooses this type of flower rather than the dainty rose or sweet pea for the Oriental lounging

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. A Case of Fickleness.

DEAR MISS MAIRFAX: I am twenty-three and have been

going about with a beautiful girl or over three years. We were to be married as soon as I was discharged from the navy, called upon my sweetheart, and she told me she no longer loved me.

but upon my return from Siberia, I have called repeatedly, but each time I was informed that she was not at home; until last week I met her, and asked her to explain the sudden coldness, to which she replied that she was

advisable for me to try and win her back, as I dearly love her and there never can be any other? EX-SAILOR. My dear Sailor Boy, while it may be difficult for you to realize your blessings, while smarting under the lash of this girl's strange conduct,

Now, Miss Fairfax, when I am

earning \$300 a month and in a

position to marry, do you think it

on having escaped a girl of this type for your wife. Young women given to these unaccountable vagaries seldom make desirable life partners. I should lose no time in forgetting her as speedily as possible.

you are really to be congratulated

### Got It Bad.

The young man about town had just been accepted by "the one girl in the world," who, nevertheless, was a member of a forty-strong beauty chorus.

"So you think you love her?" smiled his father. "I know I love her!" swore the infatuated youth. "Are you sure you love her as

much as you think you do?" "I'm sure of more than that. I love her as much as she thinks

# **Politeness** An Asset

By Loretto C. Lynch.

NCE, when I lived in San Francisco, I was greatly amused in one of the best known Chinese shops. A woman, unused to the business methods of the West, was trying to purchase a souvenir. She was, maybe, forty, and had probably been a housewife some twenty years. She and her husband had come to the Fair. From years perhaps of bartering and bargaining, she was decidedly worn. She wanted to purchase a bracelet handbag. She studied the array in the show window, and

finally entered the shop. Even a soulless pessimist who never could see art (would have to admit that these bags were unusually beautiful. She picked out a black one-black satin with a wonderful golden dragon with sparkly eyes and a huge mouth of uncertain friendliness. "How much is this, Sing Lou"

inquired the prospective purchaser. "Thr-ee-dol-lars fifty," said the stoic Chinaman "For this cheap looking bag with

no work at all on it you want three fifty? Why, I'd give you two dollars for it and not a cent more-I wouldn't care if it was particularly beautiful, but it isn't." While the woman raved fever-

ishly on, she was looking or rather walking toward the door. She had not been noticing Sing Lou. But when she struck an oasis in her abuse, Sing Lou was just disappearing from view into his living rooms in the rear. But I had watched. At the first warning of onslaught Sing had carefully put away in the

case the bags. He would not show them again to the discourteous, unappreciative female. For would a good Chinaman want to sell something that a customer had declared

Sing knew the woman was lying human nature the world over. when she said the bag was not beautiful. He, too, knew that it was really cheap at "three dollar fifty." He was not to be bartered with and insulted. This woman had discourteous customer. not met his kind before. The amusing little incident came

back to me as I stood in a large the undesirable merchant who remeat shop in an Eastern city repays courtesy with discourtesy. cently. It was almost 10 o'clock One can be firm without being discourteous. And the wise housewife and I accompanied a friend who had received some last-minute news will help herself by establishing that her husband, twice reported dead, had landed, and was coming bees I and heh tradesmen.

## Puss in Boots, Jr. "Hello, Puss Junior! Hello, Tom

Thumb! Hello, all the rest of you.

Glad to see you! Come with me to

the stable. I want to show you the

But goodness me! The Cow with

the Crumpled Horn was a very

meek-looking animal. She stood

close to the old rail fence chewing

her cud and flicking the flies with

"I don't knew much about cows,"

said Puss Junior, who had dis-

mounted from his Good Gray Horse,

going up to the Cow and rubbing

her cold, wet nose with his paw.

"The only Cow whose acquaintance

jumped over the moon."

ever made was the one who

"I never was much of a jumper."

said the Cow with the Crumpled

Horn. "I'm more handy with my

horns than I am with my legs. I

certainly gave the Dog that Wor-

ried the Cat a good high toss!" and

"Where is he now" asked Tom

"Still up in the sky, I dare say,"

she answered. "I only tossed him

up a few minutes before you came.

You see, he was worrying the Cat

That Killed the Rat, and Jack, while

he was fond of him, didn't like to

have him annoy pussy. So he said

to me, quietly, that if I ever got

the chance, to give him a good

she laughed at the thought of it.

'Cow with the crumpled horn.' '

With the crumpled horn,

That tossed the Dog.

That worried the Cat.

That lay in the House

That killed the Rat.

That ate the Malt.

That Jack built."

her tail.

"This is the Cow

By David Cory.

66 HIS is just like a vaudeville show," cried Puss Junior, as Jack again disappeared in his house. "First we see the House that Jack built, then the Malt, then the Rat, then the Cat,

and now the Dog." "What comes next?" asked Tom Thumb, "I've forgotten my Mother Goose, it seems." Before he could answer Jack himself opened the door and ran down the front steps.

home for a good, big feed, dinner with six boys from over there. My friend, Mrs. Steele, was not a wealthy woman. In fact, just now

every dollar was especially hard to

"How much is that leg of lamb?" inquired Mrs. Steel as the tired merchant weighed the meat. "Three fifty." "Well, it's more than I care to

pay." said Mrs. Steele pleasantly. "Will you show me something else -mutton, perhaps." The butcher stopped for a mo-

ment and looked Mrs. Steele square in the face. "Madam," he said, "It's 10 o'clock at night. We opened at 8 this morning, and you are the first lady

have waited on today."

And of course, he took the time and trouble to get Mrs. Steele the best value for her money. Sometimes the housewife, in her distracted efforts to economize, forgets that courtesy costs nothing.

A housewife's discourtesy to her tradesman, just as a trademan's discourtesy to the housewife, gains for either, nothing. If a housewife feels that a merchant's price is too high for her

purse, it is undoubtedly her privilege to refuse to buy. But to waste words abusing him avails nothing. There are other merchants. And good will between housewife and merchant surely For, after all, human nature is

When there are two customers both seeking a choice bit, you, who who gets it, the courteous or the Courtesy to our trademen reflects itself. It is the exceptional,

toss-and I did." Just then a dark object was seen in the sky overhead. "There he is now," said the Cow

with the Crumpled Horn, "he must be coming down." And sure enough he was. For when Puss looked up to the sky he could just see the figure of a dog against the background of white clouds. It was truly wonderful the way he managed to come down. Instead of falling like a stone and hitting the ground with a thud, he landed lightly on the grass, and without stopping to even look at anybody he ran off toward the house.

(Copyright, 1919.) (To Be Continued.)

To be successful learn to save. and maintaining good will between Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamus will bely con-

# The Heart Breaker

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER LXX. Copyright, 1919, Star Company. WONORA gasped at Arthura statement. "How do you know?" she demanded.

"I had to stop at the station for

a moment after I left you. Chandler was at the ticket window. He was asking for two tickets to Hartford. Fool that I am, I never thought of Mildred in that connec tion. I was only glad he was going away-that was all." "That's all you know about it?"

"Except the name of the hotel he planned to go to. He had been drinking and was very talkative He told the ticket agent where he was going to stay overnight in Hartford. The house he named is a poor sort of a place." "I am going there for Milly!"

abruptly, springing to her feet. "I shall go with you," the man "But your mother"-Renora be "I will drive home and tell her am called away for a few hours.

Honora made the announce

will be back here for you in ten minutes. How soon can you be "By the time you get back." "We can catch the six-fifteen then," Arthur sald, glancing at his

Mrs. Higgins started in astonishment when, five minutes later, Honora apepared at the door of the kitchen, her hat and coat on. "I have to go away for a few hours," the girl said hastily. not worry. Arthur is taking care

In a Hurry. "Oh, my dear," the housekeeper deplored, "and the waffles are go-

ing to be so good!" "I am sure they are, and I am sorry to miss them," Honora forced a smile to her pale lips, "But I have to go."

"Oh, that's all right! If Arthur's mother needs you you must go, of course—especially as Milly's too Honora was grateful for Mrs.

Higgins' misunderstanding of the situation. "Good-by," she said, as she heard the automobile stopping at the gate. "If I am late, do not worry.

I have my latchkey with me." Then she shut the kitchen door behind her and ran down the path. "What will you do with your car?" she asked Arthur on their

way downtown. "I phoned to a man at the garage by the station to be there for it. Then we can get it out when we

return." "When we raturn!" The girl did not say the words, but they repeated themselves in

her mind. She wondered what she would have learned about her little sister by that time. The man from the garage was waiting for the automobile. It

was well that he was, for the young couple had but two minutes in which to buy their tickets and board the train before it started. As they hurried through the waiting room a girl, seated in a corner. drew back from the glare of the

electric lights and bent her head so that her hat brim shaded her face. But neither Arthur nor Honora noticed the huddled figure. The trip to Hartford was a silent one. Honora's eyes were classed most of the way. Although her lips

did not move, the man at her side was sure she was praying. Arther Overruled At the door of the dingy head

that was their destination Arthur paused. "I hate to have you come in here." he began-but she interrupted him: "If Milly came here. I can come

for her." she said quickly. He made no more demur. Instead he led her to a deserted "parier." and, after seeing her seated in a hard, red-plush chair, went to the

"I know the man in charge here." he explained to Honora. "If I approach him tactfully. I may find out what I want to know."

She pressed her hands close together, but said nothing. The anguished look in her eyes went to his "I will come back as seen as I

can," he promised. After he had left her, Honors sat as still as if carved out of stone. Was her sister here? The small hotel was certainly not

very full of guests just new, for her privacy was only disturbed once. This was when a flashily dressed woman glanced in at her curiously and passed on. Yet in that moment Honora had recognized the person whom she and Mildred had seen on the train with Tom Chandler on that Sunday weeks ago, the person with whom he was driving last Safurday afternoon. This hotel was probably the kind of a place fre-

quented by women of that stamp. Honora reflected with anguish. Only fifteen minutes had passed before Arthur Bruce returned to the gaudy parlor. To the waiting girl it seemed like as many hours. She sprang to her feet as he entered.

"Milly" she tried to speak the name, but could only whisper it. "She is not here, dear," Arthur said quickly. "No-don't look like that! Chandler is here. He registered under another name-with a woman he pretended was his wife. I saw them together just now as they went into the dining room. The clerk tells me he calls her 'Kitty.' Why, Honora, what is ft." For she had caught his hand le hers and was holding it fast, while

smile at the same time. Thank God: Thank God!" she murmured. Then her smile faded suddenly. "But where is Milly? Oh, Arthur! Where is she?" "Not with Chandler at all events,"

she sobbed noiselessly and tried in

he reminded her. "So there is # lot to hope for yet."

To Be Continued.